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cratures of sarvints; the likes o' them oughtn't to be over-looked; an' indeed they did feel a great dale itself, poor things, about you; an' moreover they'll be longin' of coorse to see the darlin' here."

Mrs Keho's mother and Rose superintended the birth-treat between them. It is unnecessary to say that the young men and girls had their own sly fun upon the occasion; and now that Dandy's apprehension of danger was over, he joined in their mirth with as much glee as any of them. This being over, they all retired to rest; and honest Mickey M'Sorley went home very *hearty*,\* in consequence of Dandy's grateful sense of the aid he had rendered his wife. The next morning Rose, after dressing the infant and performing all the usual duties that one expected from her, took her leave in these words:—

"Now, Mrs Keho, God bless you an' yours, and take care of yourself. I'll see you agin on Sunday next, when it's to be christened. Until then, throw out no dirty wather before sunrise or afther sunset; an' when Father Molloy is goin' to christen it, let Corny tell him not to forget to christen it *against the fairies*, an' thin it'll be safe. Good bye, ma'am; an' look you to her, Mrs Finnegan," said she, addressing her patient's mother, "an' *banaght lath* till I see all again."

\* Tipsy.

### THE MINSTREL'S WALK.

BY J. U. U.

(To the old Irish air of "Bídh mid a gól sa poga na mban.")

Green hills of the west, where I carolled along  
In the Mayday of life with my harp and my song,  
Though the winter of time o'er my spirit hath rolled,  
And the breast of the minstrel is weary and cold;  
Though no more by those famous old haunts shall I stray,  
Once the themes of my song, and the guides of my way,  
That each had its story, and true-hearted friend,  
Before I forget ye, life's journey shall end!

Oh, 'twas joy in the prime of life's morning to go  
On the tracks of Clan Connell, led on by Hugh Roe,  
O'er the hill of Keisicorran, renowned Ballinote,  
By the Boyle, or by Newport, all passes of note,  
Where the foe their vain armaments haughtily kept;  
But the foot of th' avenger went by while they slept:  
The hills told no tale, but the night-cloud was red,  
And the friends of the Sassenagh quaked at their tread.

By the plains of Rath Croghan, fields famous of yore,  
Though stronghold and seat of the kingly no more,  
By Tulsk and Tomona, hill, valley, and plain,  
To grey Ballintubber, O'Connors' domain;  
While ages rolled backward in lengthened array,  
In song and old story, the long summer day;  
And cloud-like the glories of Connaught rolled by,  
Till they sank in the horrors of grim Athenry!

Through the heaths of Kiltullagh, kind, simple, though rude,  
To Aeluin's bright waters, where Willeborough stood,  
Ballinlough then spoke welcome from many a door,  
Where smiles lit kind faces that now smile no more;  
Then away to the Moyne, o'er the moors of Mayo,  
Still onward, still welcomed by high and by low,  
Blake, Burke, and O'Malley, Lynch, Kirwan, and Browne,  
By forest, lake, mountain, through village and town.

Then kind were the voices that greeted my way,  
'Twas *Cead mille fáille* at closing of day,  
When young hearts beat lightly, and labour was done,  
For joy tracked my steps, as light follows the sun;  
I had tales for the hamlet, and news for the hall,  
And the tune of old times, ever welcome to all,  
The praise of thy glory, dear land of the west;  
But thy praises are still, and thy kind bosoms rest!

My blessing rest with you, dear friends, though no more  
Shall the poor and the weary rejoice at your door;  
Though like stars to your homes I have seen you depart,  
Still ye live, O ye live in each vein of my heart.  
Still the light of your looks on my darkness is thrown,  
Still your voices breathe round me when weary and lone;  
Like shades ye come back with each feeling old strain,  
But the world shall ne'er look on your equals again.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, the latter when he can get it.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

### APOLOGUES AND FABLES FROM FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

#### No. VI.—THE REMORSE OF A NIGHT.

The last night of the year was about to expire; the winds, after a day of storminess, had subsided into slumber; the white earth lay outspread, like a shrouded map, under the moon; and innumerable stars arose out from the remotest abysses of heaven, twinkling as brightly as though they had but then begun their existence, and were never to suffer impairment. Eleven o'clock had tolled from the tower of an ancient Gothic church; and as the vibrations died away on the transparent air, an Old Man drew nigh to the window of a dark room in the desolate dwelling of which he had long been the solitary tenant, and cast his dull despairful eyes upwards towards the immoveable firmament, and from thence down on the blank waste of the earth, and then breathed a groaning prayer, that those eyes might never survey that firmament or that earth again. Wretched was he, in truth, that Old Man, beyond all parallel and beyond all consolation—for his grave lay open for him, as it seemed, by his side; it was thinly covered over, not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows of Age; and when, heartsick of the sight, he looked away from it into himself, he saw that the sole fruits that he had gathered from a long and eventful life were sins, regrets, and maladies—a decayed body, a plague-smitten soul, a bosom full of bitterness, and an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth now came again before him like ghosts, and resumed to his remembrance the cheerful morning upon which his venerable father had first placed him upon the great Cross-road of Life—a road which, trodden on the right hand, conducts the pilgrim along the noon-day path of Virtue into a spacious, joyous land, abounding in sunbeams, harvests, and angelic spirits, but which, followed on the left, betrays him through lampless and miry ways, into the rueful wildernesses of Vice, where serpents for ever swarm, and pestilence chokes the atmosphere, and to quench his burning thirst the sluggish black rivers yield him but slime and poison.

Alas! the serpents were now coiled about him—the poison was rilling through his heart! Alas for him! he knew too well which road he had chosen—where he was—and what he must undergo—for eternity—for eternity!

With an anguish, with an agony, with a despair, that language cannot even faintly pourtray, he uplifted his withered arms towards heaven, clasped his hands, and cried aloud, O! give me back, give me back my youth! O! my father, lead me once more to the Cross-road, that I may once more choose, and this time choose with foreknowledge!

But his cries wasted themselves idly upon the frozen air, for his father was no more, and his youth was no more—both had alike long, long ago vanished, never to reappear. He knew this, and he wept—yes, that miserable old man wept; but his tears relieved him not; they were like drops of hot lava, for they trickled from a burning brain.

He looked forth, and he saw flitting lights—wills-o'-the-wisp—dancing over the morasses and becoming extinguished in the burial-grounds; and he said, Such were my riotous days of folly! He again looked forth, and he beheld a star fall from heaven to earth, and there melt away in blackness that left no trace behind, and he said, I am that star!—and with that woeful thought were torn open anew the leprous wounds in his bosom which the serpents that clung around him would never suffer to be healed.

His morbid imagination, wandering abroad till it touched on the confines of frenzy, showed him figures of sleep-walkers traversing like shadows the roofs of the houses:—the chimneys widened into furnaces vomiting forth flames and monsters—the windmills lifted up their giant arms, and threatened to crush him—and a forgotten spectre, left behind in a deserted charnel-house, glared on him with a horrible expression of malignity, and then mocked his terror by assuming his features.

On a sudden there flowed out upon the air a deep, rich, and solemn stream of music. It came from the steeple of the old Gothic church, as the bells announced the birth of the new year, for it was now the twelfth hour. Its cadences fell with a thrilling distinctness upon the ear and the heart of the Old Man; and every tone in the melody, through the agency of that mysterious power which sound possesses of re-assembling within the forsaken halls of the soul images long departed,